



75¢

REALM SIX PROUDLY PRESENTS

EVERYMAN-COMICS

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 CARTOON BELOW BY ROMERO

realm

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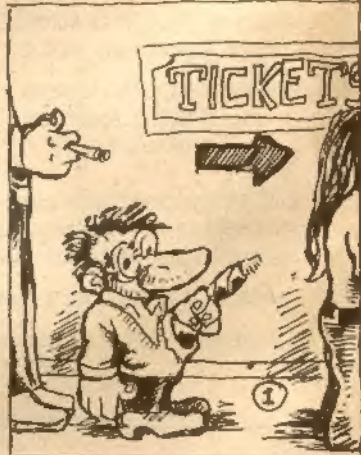
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 AN EVERYMAN STUDIOS PRODUCTION!



ROLL-O-RAMA



ROLLER SKATING IS ONE OF AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING SPORTS. MORE PEOPLE ARE ROLLER SKATING TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE. AND WHERE DO THE ROLLER SKATERS GO? WHY, TO ROLL-O-RAMA, OF COURSE



ONE.



HMM.

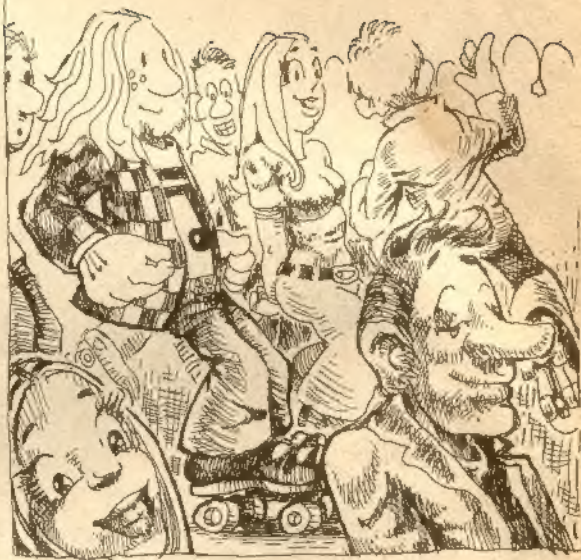


...SKATES.



MMH!

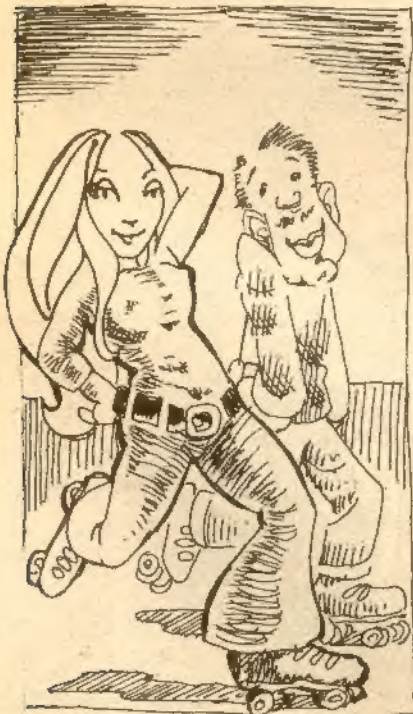




THERE SHE IS, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HER, I HOPE SHE CONSENTS TO SKATE WITH ME IN THE COUPLES.

OH NO!
COMPETITION!

BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST, THAN TO NEVER HAVE LOVED AT ALL.



IN EVERY FACET OF SOCIETY
WE FIND THOSE WHO ARE
MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN
OTHERS.



BUT AT ROLL-O-RAMA THE AGGRESSIVE
HAVE AN OUTLET BY SMASHING
OTHER AGGRESSIVE PEOPLE AGAINST
THE WALL - OR ANYONE ELSE.



ONE OF THE MOST HAZARDOUS
THINGS ONE CAN DO AT ROLL-
O-RAMA IS TO FALL DOWN...
IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO AVOID THIS
AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE...



BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T GET
UP FAST, YOU MIGHT NOT
GET UP AT ALL.



ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU REALIZE
THAT SOME CHICK LIKES YOUR
STYLE—IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!

SHE SMILES
AT YOU!

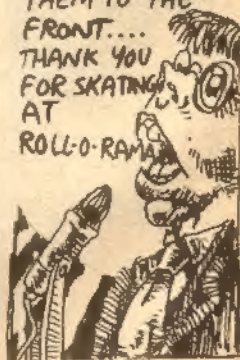
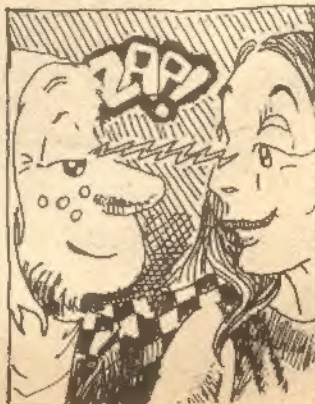
YOU SMILES
AT HER!



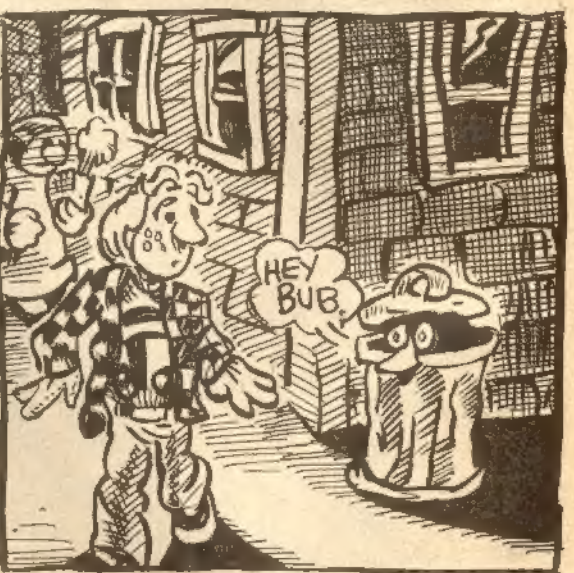
THIS COULD BE THE BEGINNING
OF SOMETHING GREAT!

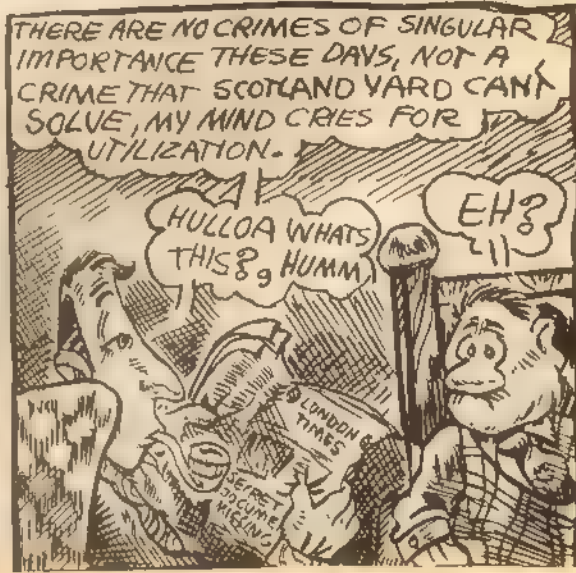
GO SHE IS EVERY-
THING YOU EVER
DREAMED FOR....
BUT ALAS, DREAMS
ARE SHORT LIVED...

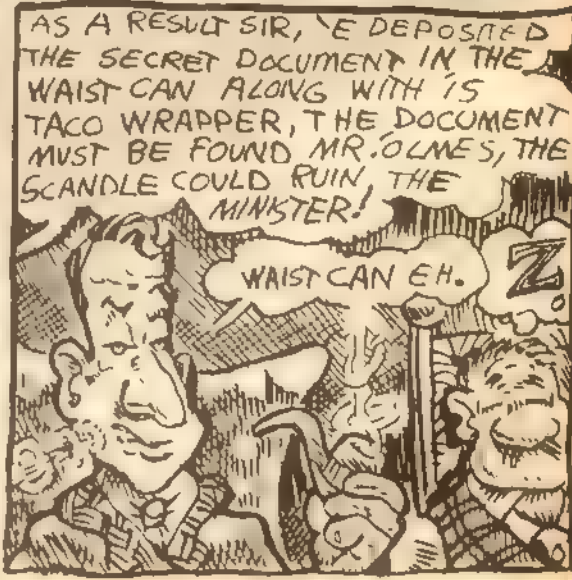
ALLRIGHT
EVERYONE, GO
BEHIND THE
RAILS...REMOVE
YOUR SKATES
AND RETURN
THEM TO THE
FRONT....
THANK YOU
FOR SKATING
AT
ROLL-O-RAMA

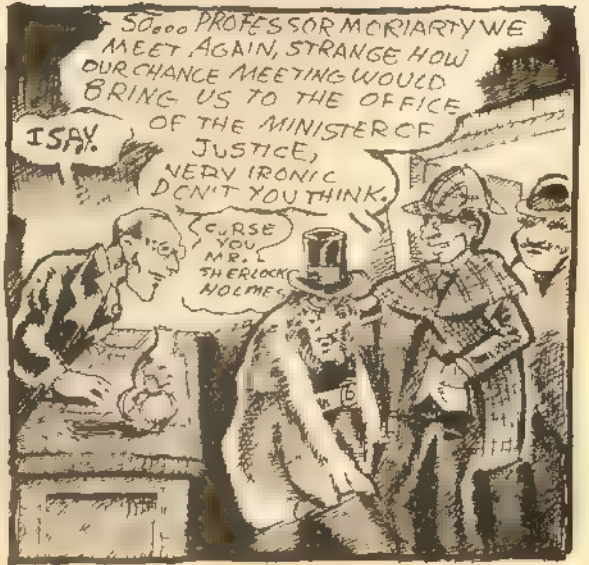
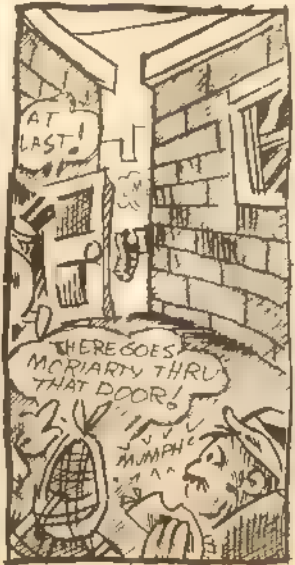


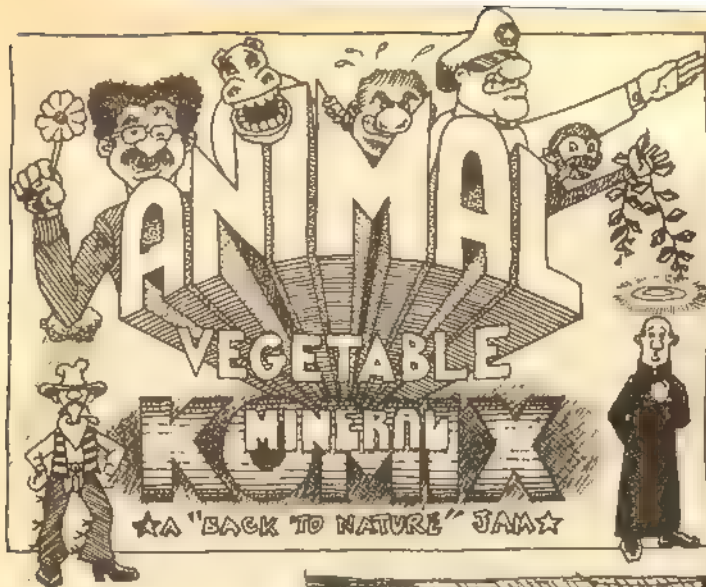




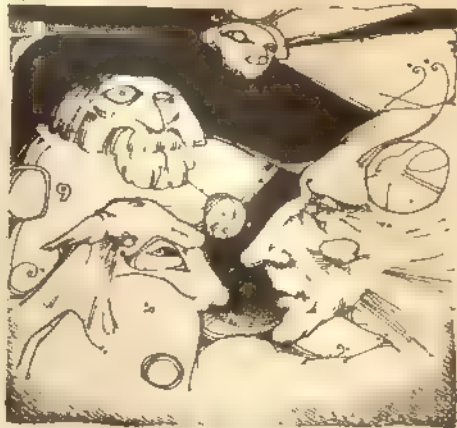




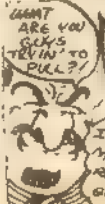
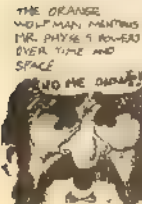
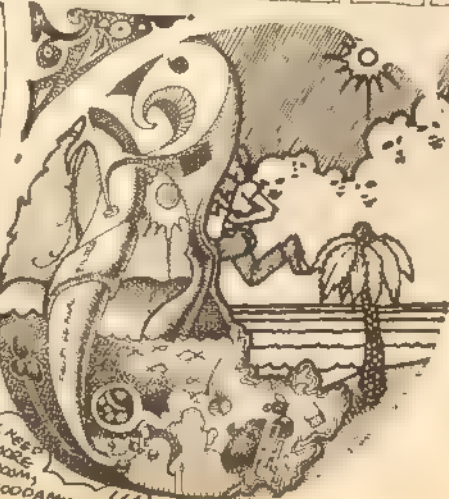
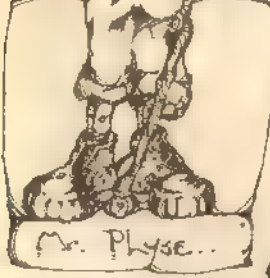


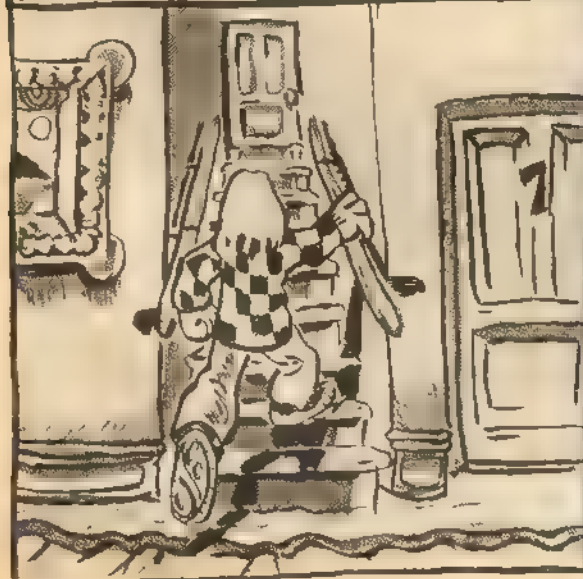
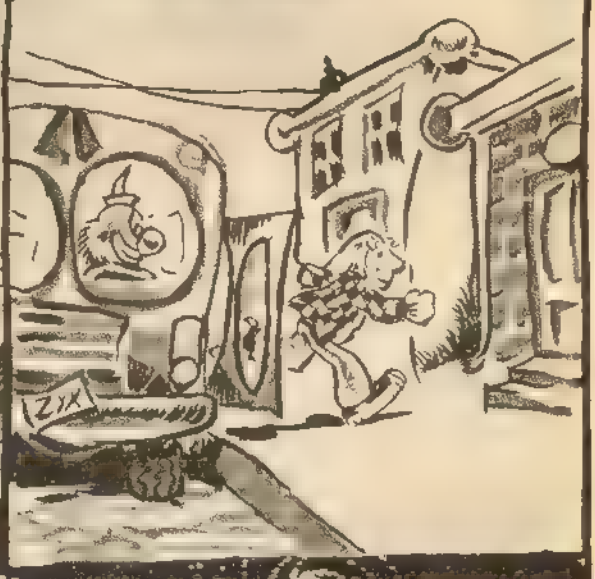
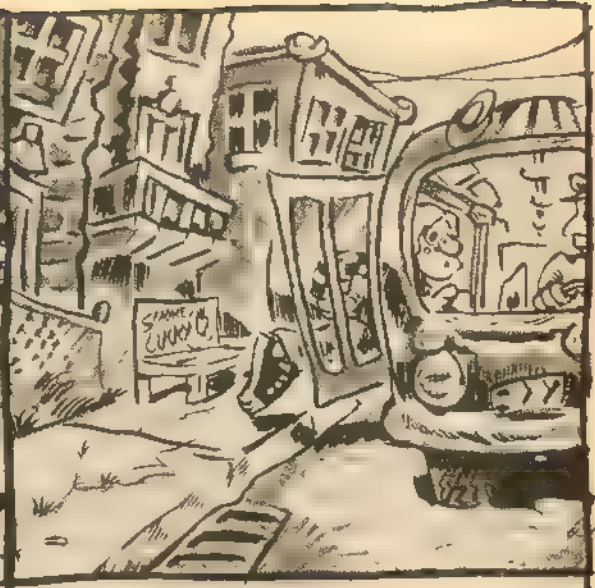


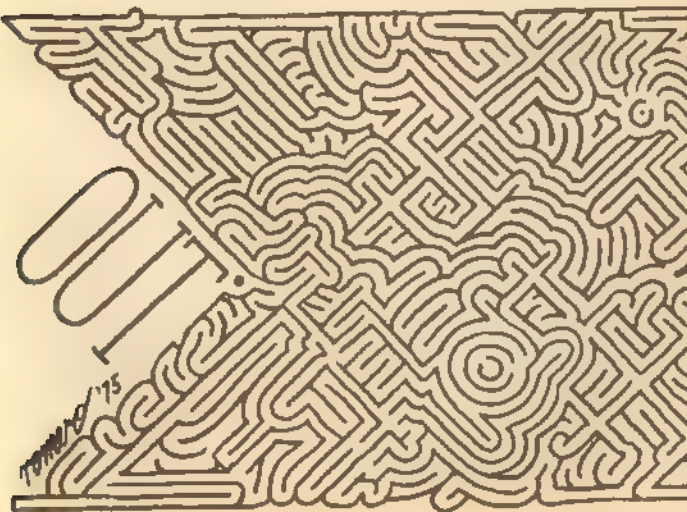
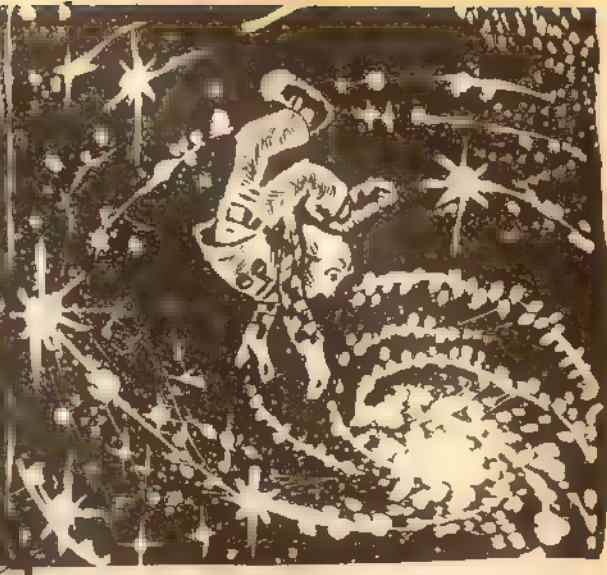
ONE NIGHT, THE ORANGE WOLFMAN + I WERE DISCUSSING MR. PHYSE AND HIS HOT SHIT INVENTIONS....



AS THE WIND BLOWS, SO IT GOES...

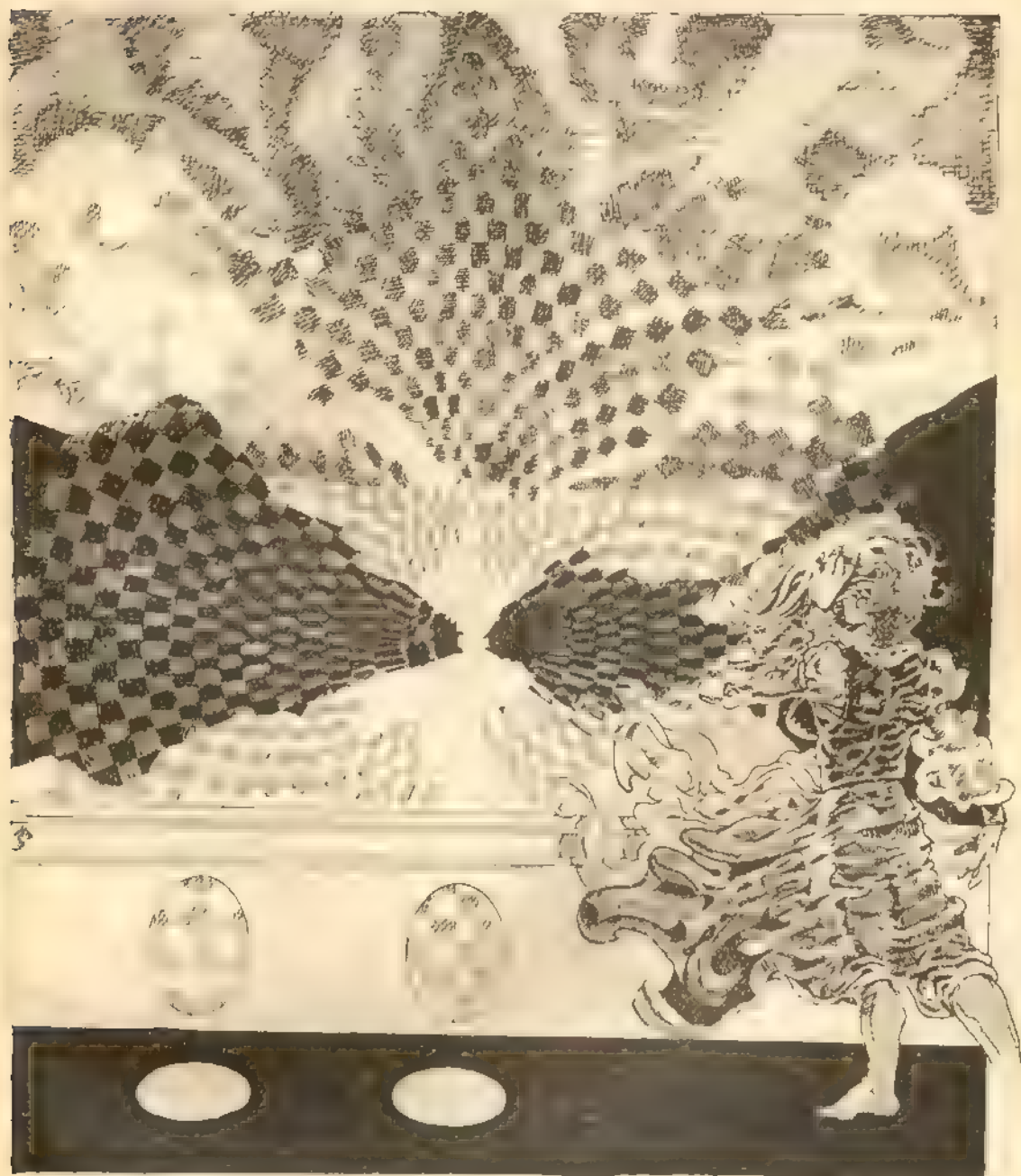




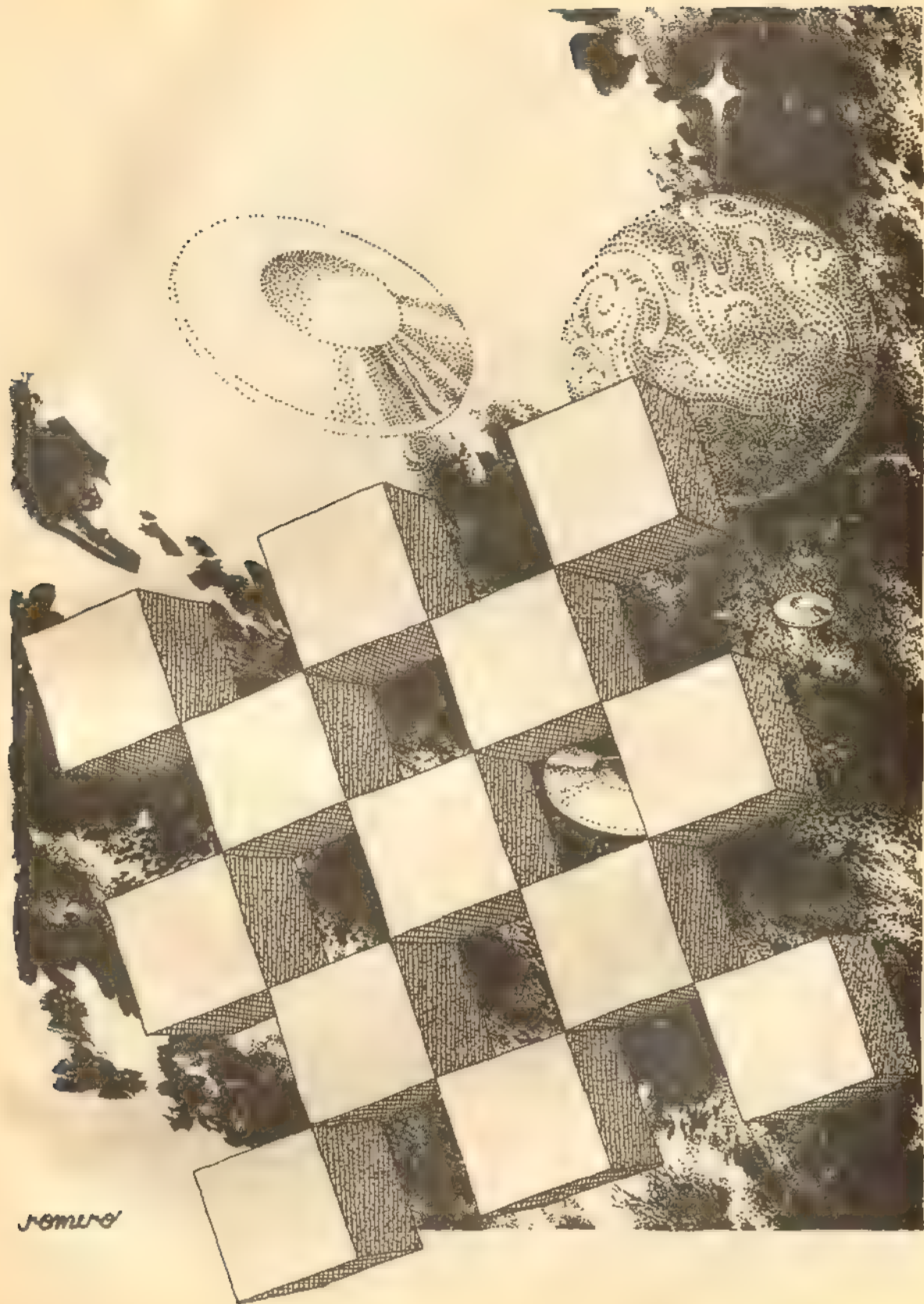


everyman

STUDIOS







romero

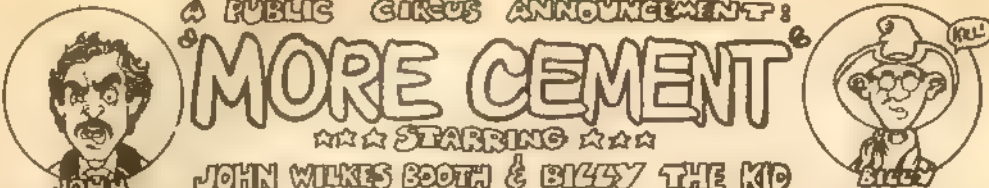
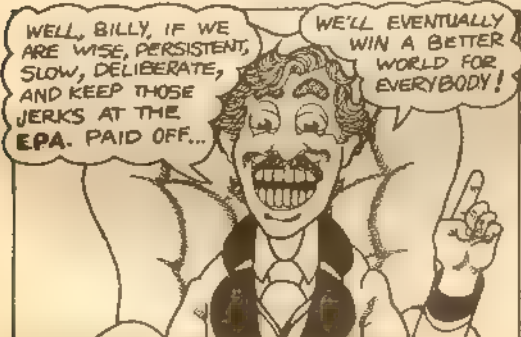
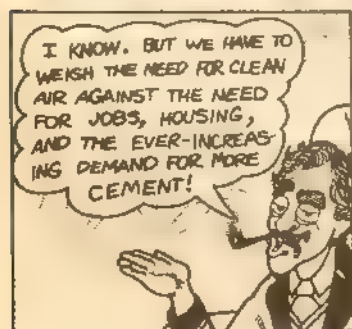
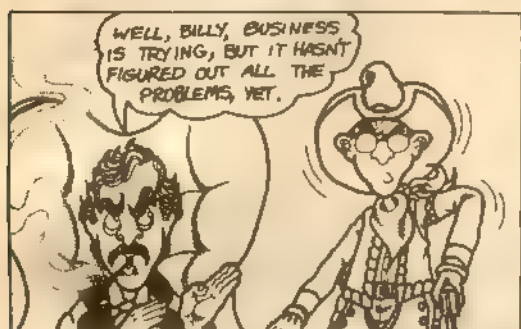
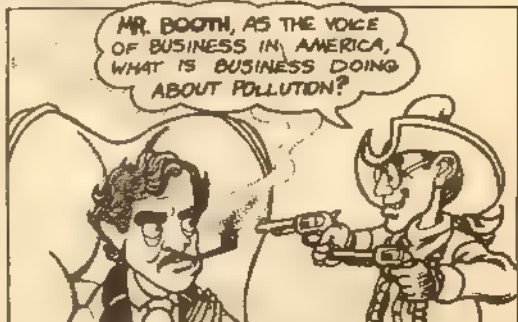
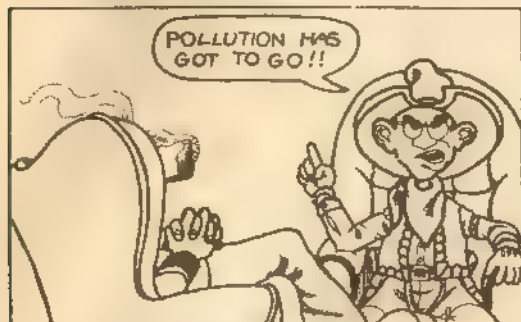


A PUBLIC CIRCUS ANNOUNCEMENT:

MORE CEMENT

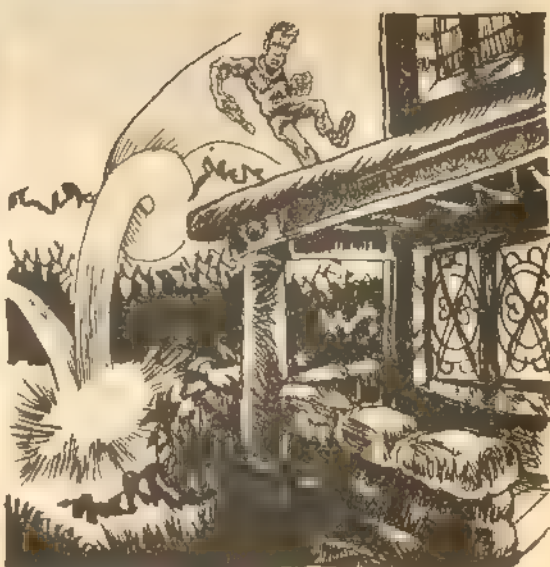
☆☆ STARRING ☆☆☆

JOHN WILKES BOOTH & BILLY THE KID

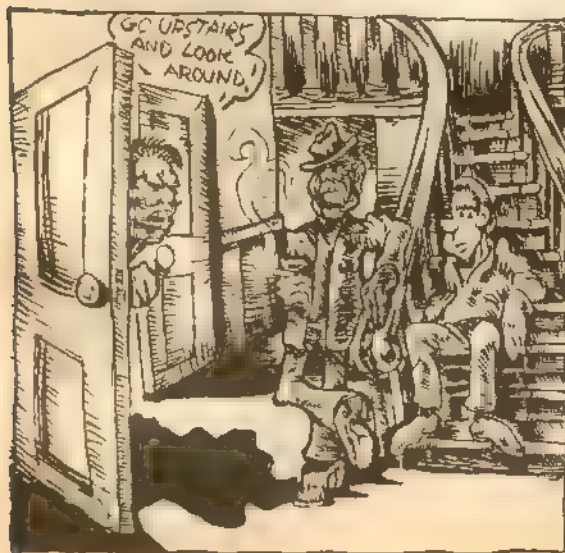
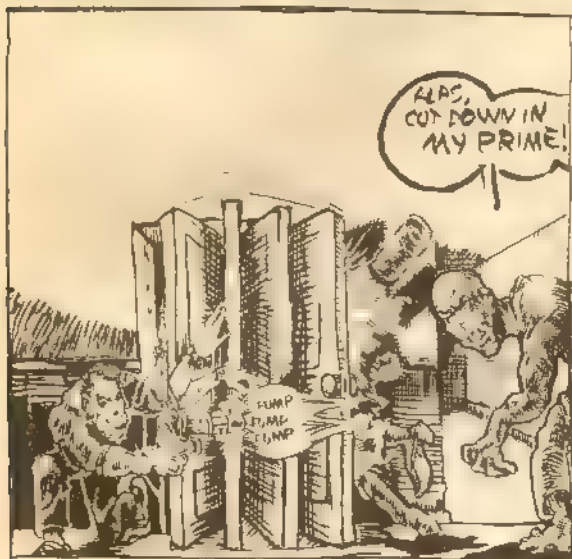
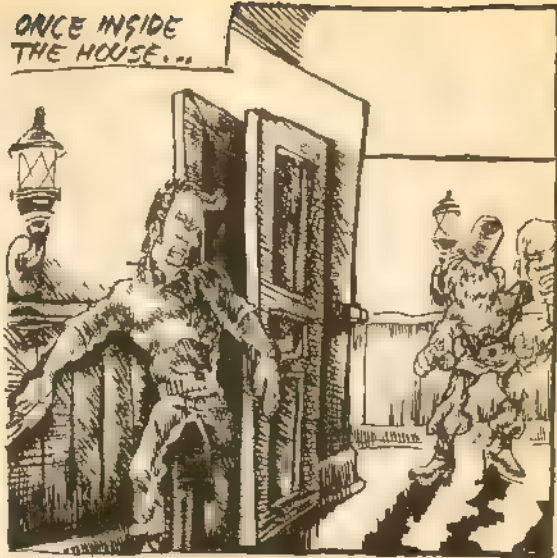
PRESENTED BY YOUR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

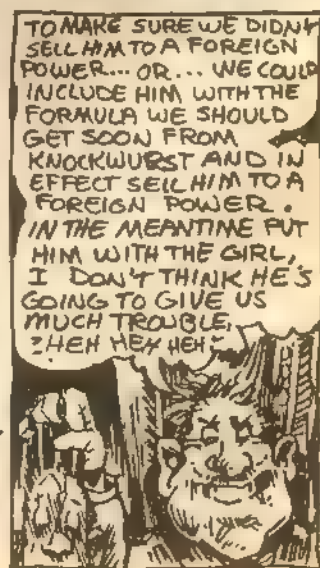
TADP



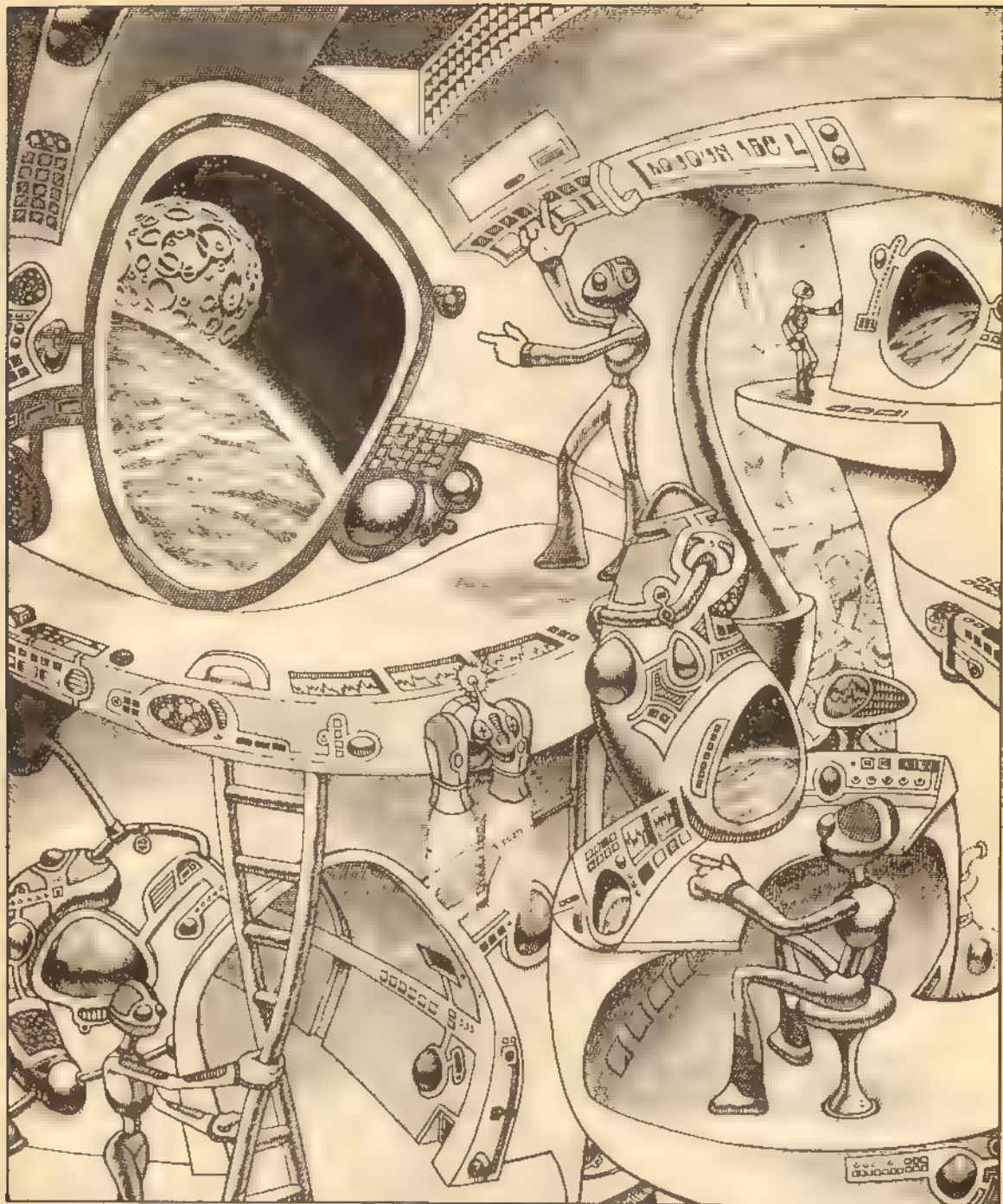


ONCE INSIDE
THE HOUSE...

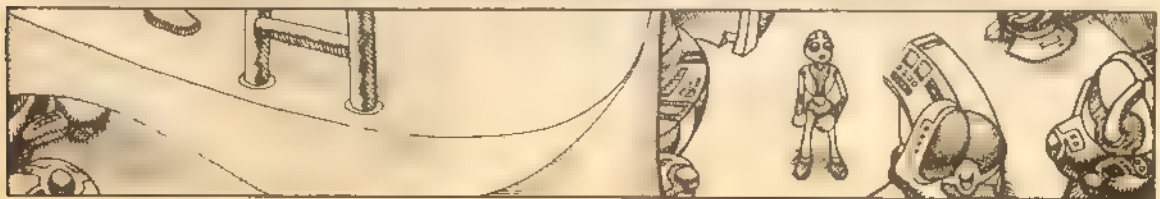




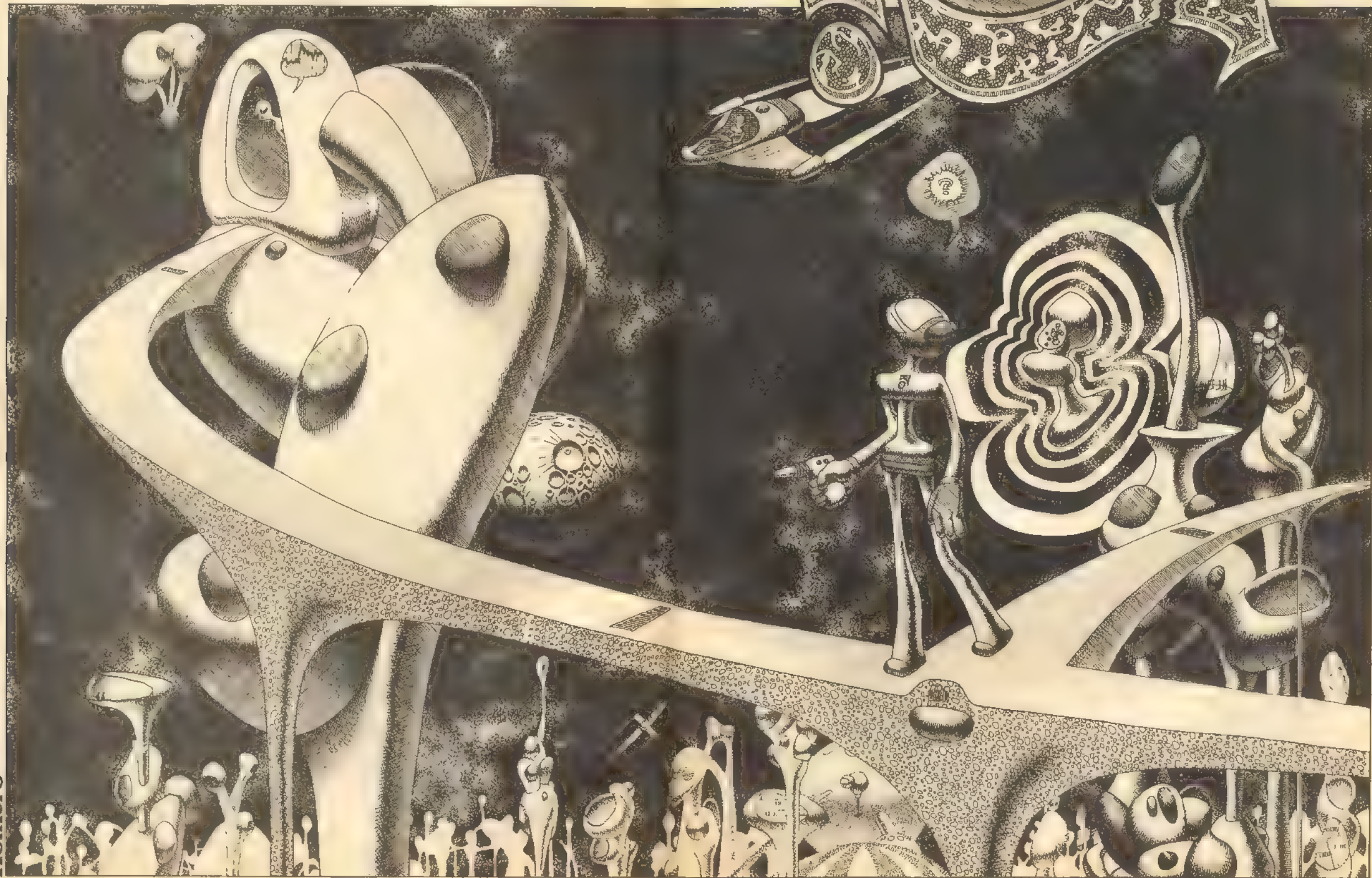
TO BE CONTINUED



PROLOGUE: ONE YEAR AGO, OUR PLANET WAS DISCOVERED BY THE ROBOT CREW OF A SPACE ARK. NOW A FUTURE EXPERIMENT IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE, WHENIN THE ROBOTS TEST THE REACTIONS OF ONE OF THEIR OWN KIND TO A LIVING HYDRID...



"MY JOB IN THE PERFECT SOCIETY IS IN THE MENTAL CORRECTIONS DEPARTMENT. I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF A SOCIAL DEVIANT WHEN THE OBJECT APPEARED; ITS MOLECULAR PATTERN WAS OF OUTWORLDLY DESIGN."





"A STRONG ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD GRIPPED ME, DRAYING ME TOWARD THE OUTWORLD DEVICE. I WAS PULLED ABOVE THE CITY, WHERE A BREAK IN THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE WAS FORMING, AND WAS DRAYN INTO THE BREAK."

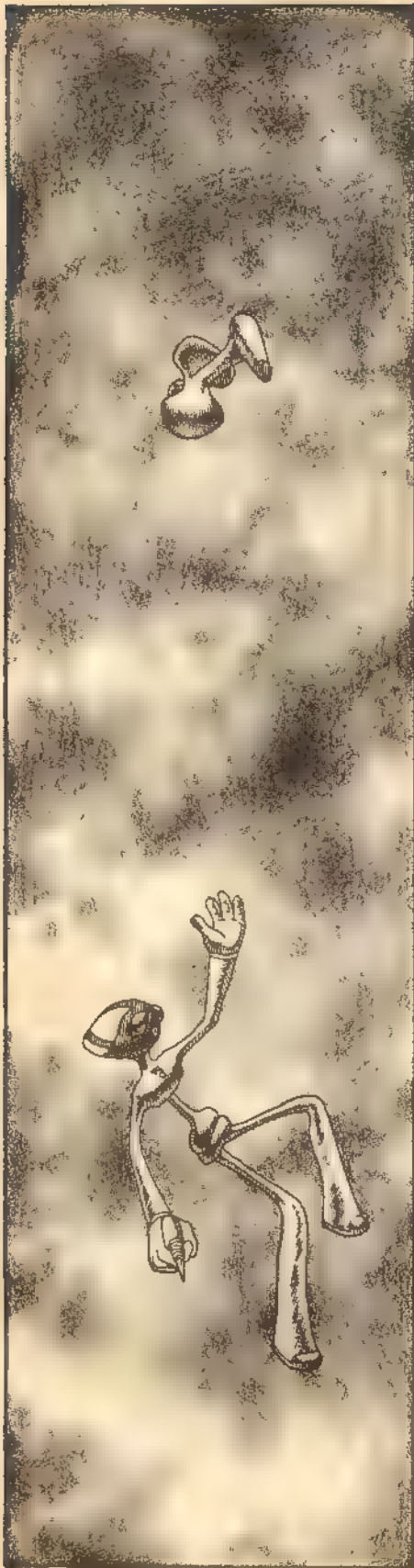


"THERE WAS A TOTALLY NON-LOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF MATTER AND ENERGY. THE OBJECT SEEMED TO BE PULLING ME THROUGH VARIOUS ZONES OF IRRATIONAL EXISTENCE IN ORDER TO REACH A FAR-DISTANT POINT QUICKLY."



"I ATTEMPTED TO COMMUN CATE WITH MY CAPTOR, BUT IT FAILED TO RESPOND. I DEACTIVATED IT."





"THE DEVICE
RELEASED ITS
HOLD ON ME AND
CEASED TO
FUNCTION.

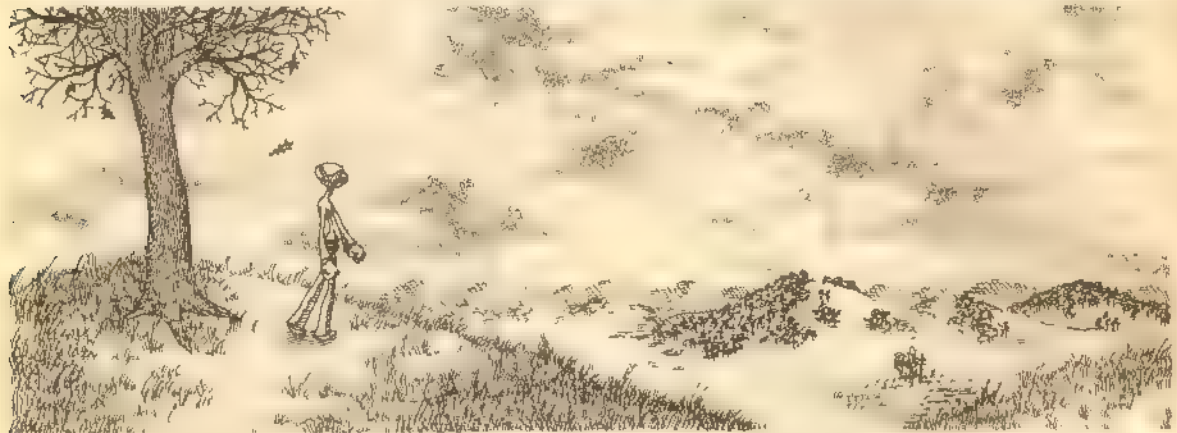
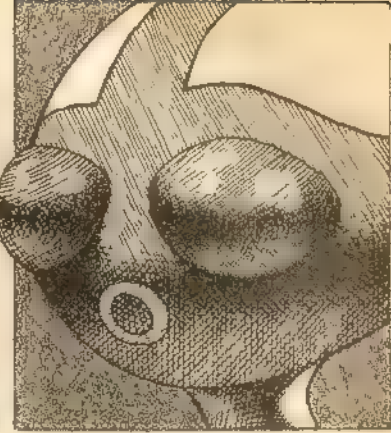
I FOUND MYSELF
FALLING
THROUGH AN
ATMOSPHERE...

FALLING...

...FALLING...

AND
CRASHING
..."





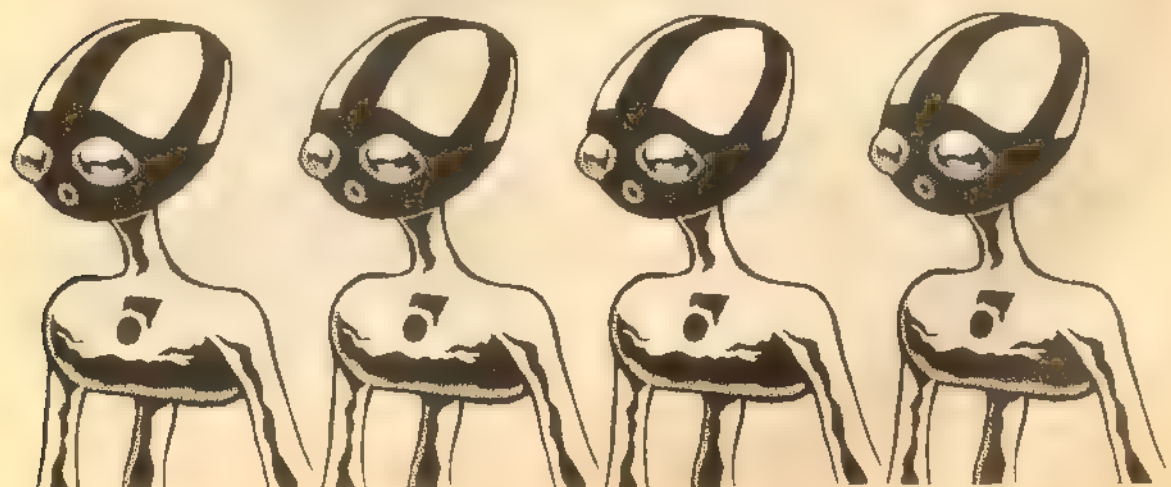
"ON A NEW LIVING WORLD. LIFE, HOLIEST OF HOLIES... THIS YONDROUS LIVING PLACE..."

"MY WORLD WAS
ONCE ALIVE AS
WELL, BEFORE THE
GREAT WAR."

"MACHINE
INTELLIGENCE WAS
THE ULTIMATE WEAPON
...ROBOT SOLDIERS
REPLACED LIVE ONES
ON THE BATTLEFIELDS."

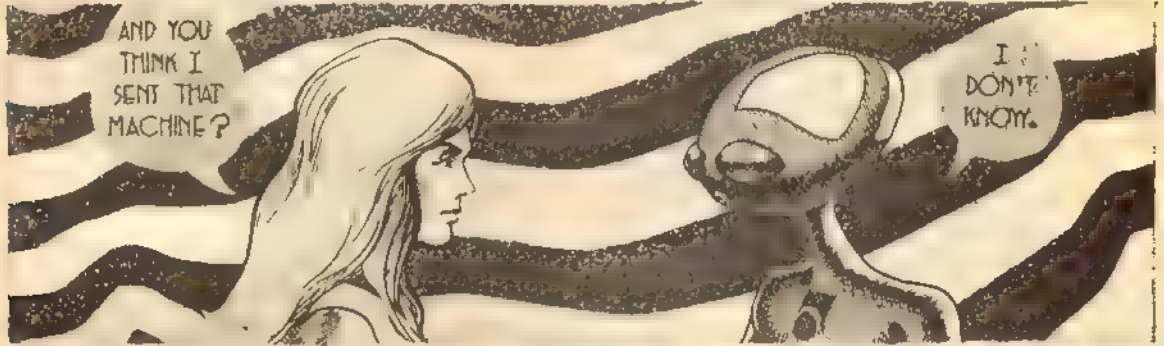
"THE ROBOTS MADE
RUTHLESS FIGHTERS;
SOON, ALL LIFE WAS
DESTROYED. THE
WAR WAS EVENTUALLY
SETTLED..."

"AND THE PERFECT
ROBOT SOCIETY WAS
BUILT... ON A
DEAD WORLD."

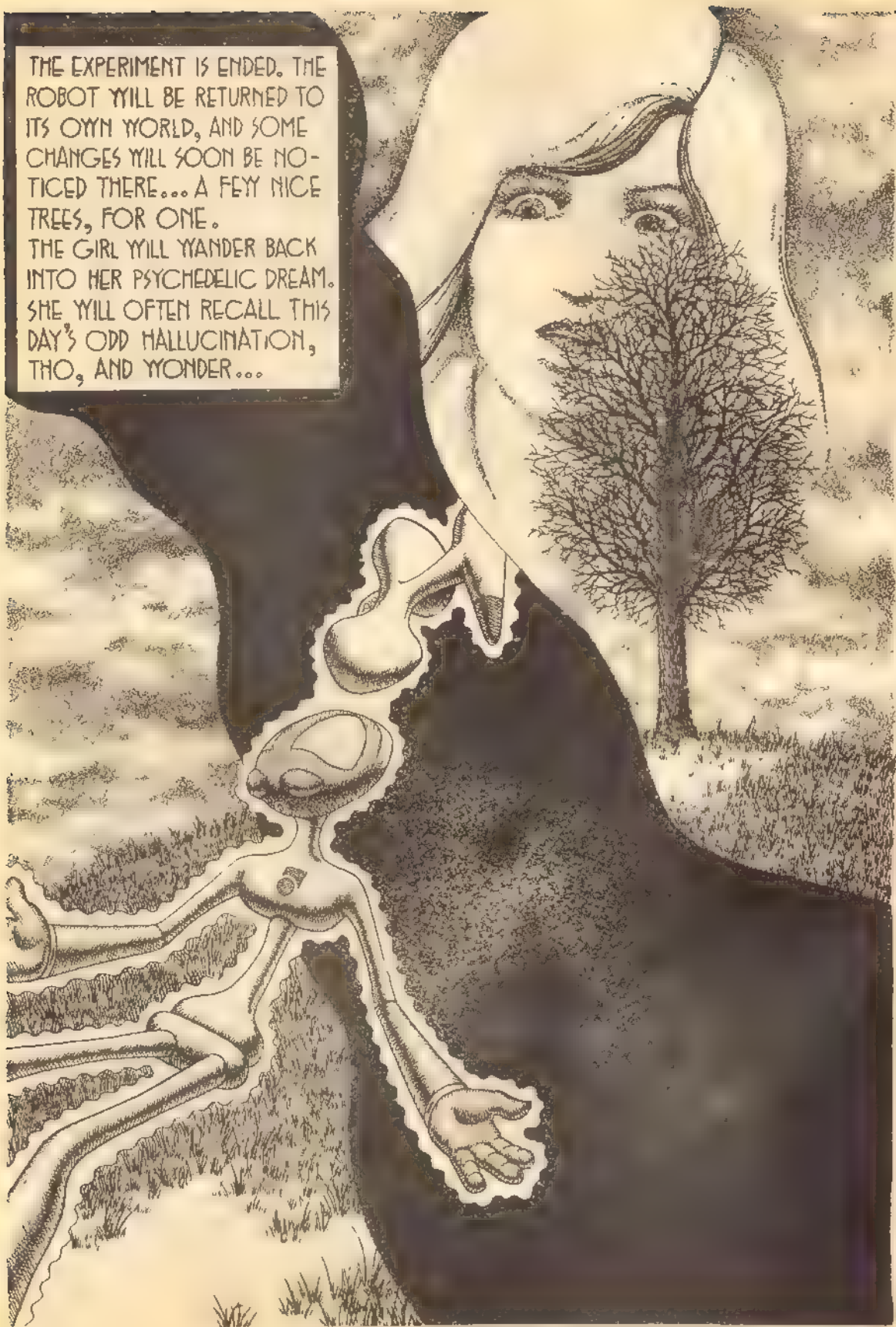




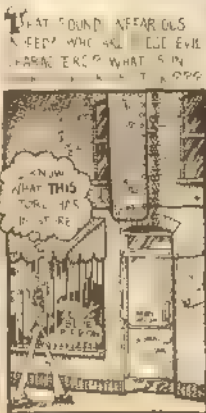
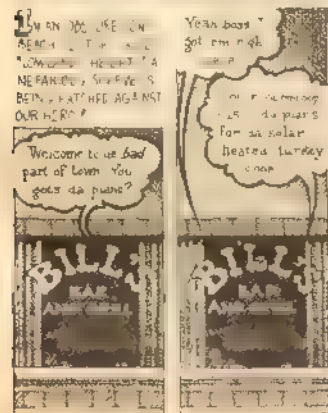
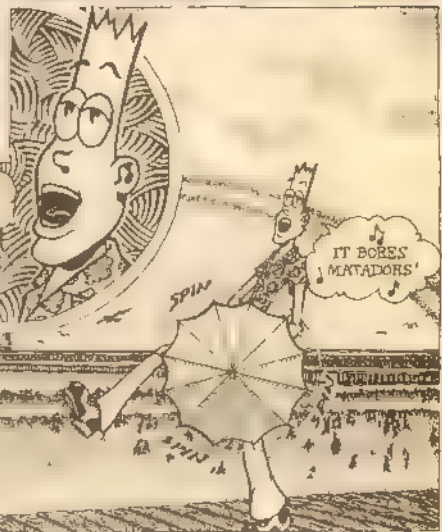
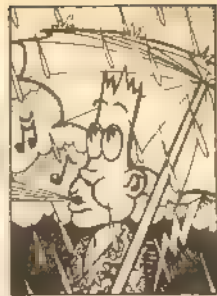
"ANYWAY, THAT'S EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE YOU FOUND ME HERE."



THE EXPERIMENT IS ENDED. THE
ROBOT WILL BE RETURNED TO
ITS OWN WORLD, AND SOME
CHANGES WILL SOON BE NO-
TICED THERE... A FEW NICE
TREES, FOR ONE.
THE GIRL WILL WANDER BACK
INTO HER PSYCHEDELIC DREAM.
SHE WILL OFTEN RECALL THIS
DAY'S ODD HALLUCINATION,
THO, AND YONDER...



ARTIE STICK



WAS IT COME
TE THIS NOW?
HAS HATE STICK
BECOME A LUSH?

AND WHAT DO
THOSE SHADY
CHARACTERS
HAVE IN MIND
FOR OUR WOODEN
FRIENDS?

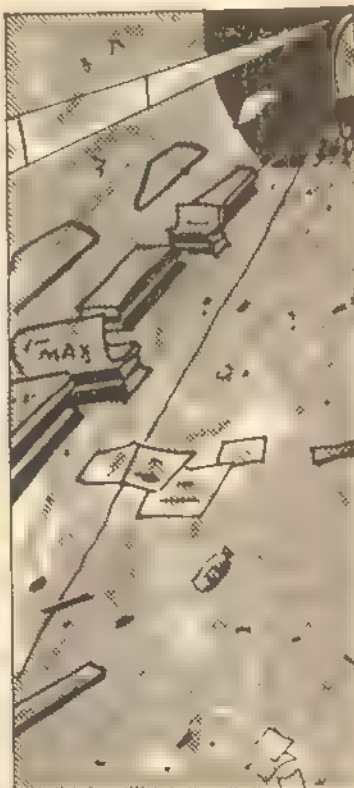
DON'T MISS
THE NEXT EX-
CITING EPISODE
OF HATE STICK!

brought to you by Al Greenier, who adapted this from
the short story by Tom Nicotera.

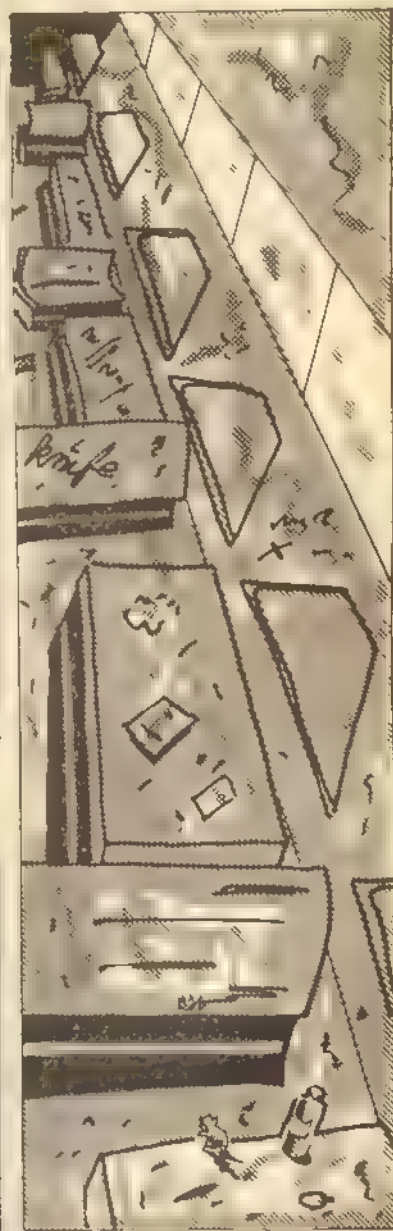
STEADILY SHE TRACED
THE OUTLINE OF HER
BREATH ON THE
WINDOW COATED WITH
THE DUST AND GRIME
OF DECADES.
HAVE THEY EVER CHANGED?
WHAT WOULD IT TAKE?
A WET CLOTH, A
PAIL OF STRONG
DETERGENT, A
LITTLE ELBOW GREASE.

SHE TURNED
DISGUSTEDLY FROM
THE WINDOW AS HER
BODY GAVE A
LITTLE SHUDDER!

THE WOMAN RESTED
HER HEAD ON THE BACK
OF THE TORN SEAT. IT
BOUNCED THERE,
SWAYING FROM SIDE TO
SIDE WITH THE
RHYTHM OF THE
SUBWAY.



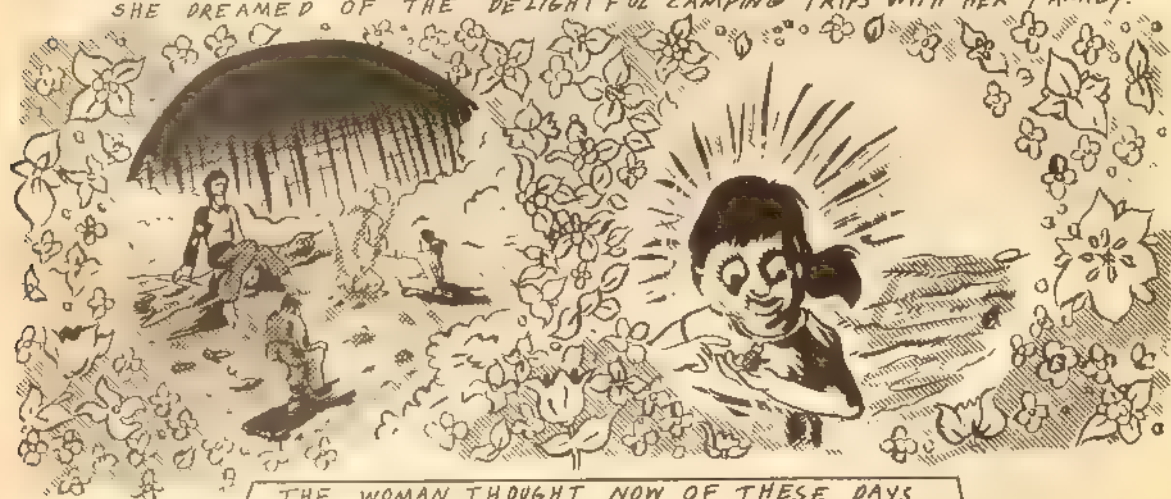
THE NIGHT CLATTERED
ON, ROCKING, DRIVING,
POUNDING !!



THE WOMAN'S DREAM IMAGES CONSISTED OF BLACKENED WALLS SCRATCHED WITH OBSCENITIES, LEWD PICTURES, AND NAMES LOST SOMEWHERE IN THE ANONYMITY OF ALLEYWAYS AND TENEMENTS. IN HER HALF ASLEEP STATE, THE CLUNKING RATTLE OF THE SUBWAY CAR WAS HER ONLY LULLABY, THE SWAYING OF HER BUMPY RIDE, HER ONLY CRADLE.



THE RIDER TRIED TO CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF HER THOUGHTS. SHE DREAMED OF THE DELIGHTFUL CAMPING TRIPS WITH HER FAMILY.



THE WOMAN THOUGHT NOW OF THESE DAYS FROM HER PAST AND THE RATTLEING OF THE CARS BECAME BIRDS SINGING AND HER HARD SEAT BECAME THE GROUND, DEEP SMELLING GRASSY SOFT. THE JAGGED NIGHT BECAME THE DAWN FLOWING, AND HER MIND WAS SWEEPED INTO THE FLOW.....

SHE AWOKES WITH A START!



THE PRESIDENT SHOULD STEP IN, THATS WHAT HE SHOULD DO. CLEAN THIS PLACE UP A LITTLE. IT STINKS! THE STREETS, THE BUILDINGS, THE PEOPLE! AND HE CAN START RIGHT HERE. THE LOUSY STINKIN PRESIDENT CAN START RIGHT HERE AND FIX UP THIS ROTTEN PLACE! GODDAMIT, JUST LOOK AT THESE SEATS, WILL YA? AND THESE FILTHY FLOORS. GODDAMN, THEY AREN'T EVEN WORTH

-SPITTING ON.
AND THE-- WHAT ARE YOU
STARIN AT, HONEY?
EYES TOO BIG FER
YER NOSE?



THE YOUNGER WOMAN LOOKED AWAY,
AS IF TO APOLOGIZE FOR STARING
SHE BEGAN TO REGRET COMING TO
NEW YORK.

WHY DID I HAVE
TO RUN INTO THIS
WOMAN? WHY DO
ALWAYS MEET
PEOPLE LIKE THIS?
I HATE THEM!
AND I HATE
NEW YORK.
DIRTY, FILTHY,
DANGEROUS NEW
YORK GOD!

DONT LOOK AWAY
FROM ME! WHATSA
MATTATTA? AINT I
GOOD ENUFF TO
BE LOOKED AT,
MISS PRETTY
DRESS! MISS HIGH
AND MIGHTY
HEY, YA KNOW
WHAT YOU REMIND
ME OF?



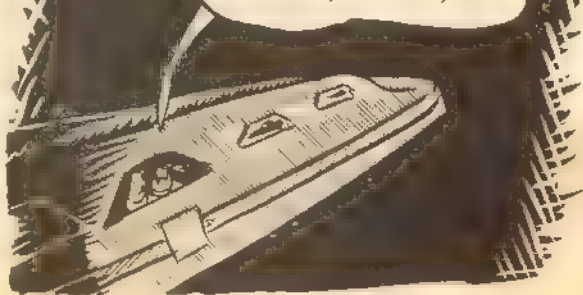
THE OLD WOMAN'S PERFUME REEKED
OF GIN AND HER CHEEKS WERE
FLUSHED WITH ALCOHOL AND
BLASPHEMIES. HER VOICE STABBED
THE AIR ONCE AGAIN

WELL, HON, YA
DINT ANSWER ME.
WHAT YA LOOKIN AT?
JUST WHO YOU THINK
YARE?



ONE OF DEM COUNTRY WESTERN
SINGERS YA SEE ON HEE-HAW.
HEY, YA GOT ANY OF THOSE
CORNBY JOKES THEY TELL
ON T.V.?

HEY, Y'AIN'T NEVER
BEEN TO THE CITY
BEFORE, HAVE YA?



THE OLD CRONE DROPPED TO THE SEAT AND SPUN HERSELF AROUND TO FACE THE WOMAN IN THE YELLOW DRESS.

HEY HON, THIS IS YOUR FIRST TRIP TO THE CITY, AINT IT?



HEY, WHATTYA THINK OF OUR FAIR CITY? MORE EXCITIN THAN LITTLEVILLE, OHIO, OR WHEREVER THE HELL YER FROM?

IT WAS BEAUTIFUL UNTIL I RAN INTO YOU.



WHATS A MATTA HON? DONTCHA SPEAK MY LANGUAGE? HEY GIRL, WHATTYA THINK OF THIS?

OH GOD, WHERE DID THIS WOMAN COME FROM



WELL HON, WOULD YOU LIKE SOME? ITS REAL GOOD STUFF..

NO THANKS!

I TELL YA, YA DONT KNOW WHAT YER MISSIN



GROG
SILVER



GOOD STUFF!
GOOD STUFF!

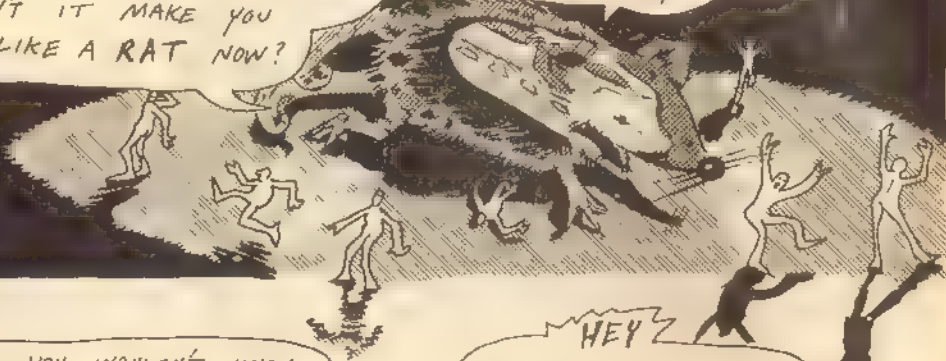


HEY!

WHATTYA THINK OF THIS PLACE?
GROSS, AINT IT' FILTHY FLOORS.
FILTHY SEATS. AND JESUS, YOU
SHOULD SEE THE FILTHY PEOPLE
THAT RIDE THIS DAMN RAT TRAIN

DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU
FEEL LIKE A RAT NOW?

THE WAY IT
TUNNELS UNDERGROUND,
SLITHERIN' THROUGH
THE NIGHT, SEARCHIN' FOR
PEOPLE TO FILL
ITS BELLY'



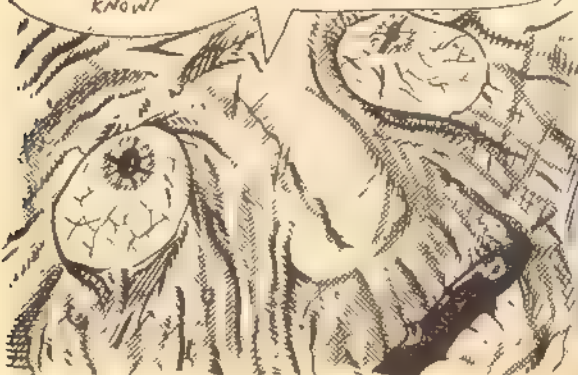
I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW
ABOUT THAT THOUGH, WOULD YA?
YOU LOOK LIKE YA COME FROM A
NICE HOME. PRETTY YELLOW DRESS



HEY COUNTRY GAL, I HEARD SOME OF
THOSE COUNTRY PEOPLE DO IT WITH
ANIMALS. IS THAT RIGHT? YOU EVER DO
IT WITH A COW OR A GOAT HON?

HEY, THIS IS
A REAL LOUSY
WORLD TA
LIVE IN, YA
KNOW?

VS
PLAIN FOLKS JUST
AINT GOT NO SAY
IN NOTHIN

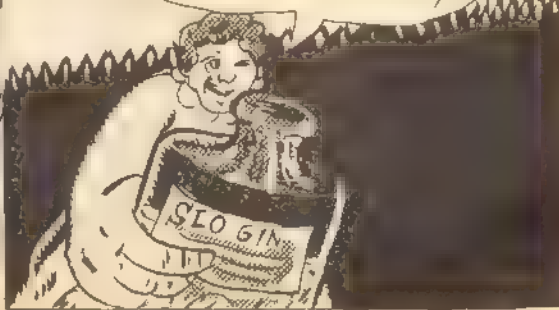


HEY?
YA EVER MILK A COW?
YA LOOK LIKE YA HAVE
HEY, WHASIT FEEL LIKE?
MUST FEEL FUNNY



GOD HOW
I WISH MY
STOP WOULD
COME UP

YA KNOW HON,
THE ONLY MICROPHONE
I GOT IS
THIS HERE BOTTLE
IN MY BAG
AINT NOTHIN
THATS SWEETER OR
SMOOTHER COMPANY.





YESSIR, AIN'T
NOTHW THAT TREATS
ME AS AS THIS HERE BOOZE.
TALKS NICE TO ME. WHEN
I GOT A PROBLEM, IT LISTENS.



WHEN THE STREETS MAKE
YA FEEL, LOW, AND THE
LIBERTY STATUE MAKES YOU
FEEL LIKE CRYIN'?, IS THERE
SOME ONE YOU CAN TELL YOURSELF
TO? NOW THERES A LONELY OLD
LADY THAT STATUE MUST BE CRYIN
ALL DAY LONG, SHE KNOWS THERE AWT
MUCH LIBERTY TO STAND FOR ANY
MORE. SHE'S JUST A GLORIFIED
PIGEON ROOST

HOW BOUT YOU HON? YA MARRIED?
GOT A BOYFRIEND? I NEVER HAD A
HUSBAND, BUT I HAD A MAN ONCE.
HE TOOK ME DANCIN, EVEN TA BARS.
HE NEVER SAID HE LOVED ME,
BUT I KNOW HE DID.



ONE DAY HE WAS RIDIN THIS RAT
TRAIN AN A BUNCHA RATS JUMPED
HIM. THEY SMEARED HIM ALL
OVER THE FLOOR AND SEATS
WHEN THEY SEEN HE WAS BROKE



DIRTY
BASTARDS

AIN'T NEVER BEEN
ANYONE SINCE

TELL ME HON, YOU
GOT A BOY FRIEND?
GIRLFRIEND? ANYONE?

LISTEN,
ANY TIME YOU
WANT TO TALK,
C'MON OVER TA
MY PLACE

HEY, WHY
DONTCHA SAY
SOMETHIN TO
MY
MICROPHONE

WE'LL
HAVE OUR OWN
LITTLE PARTY
HERE

HERE HON,
TAKE
A LITTLE
BIT

TWO HUMANS
RAISIN
HELL

IN A
RAT'S
NEST

NO.

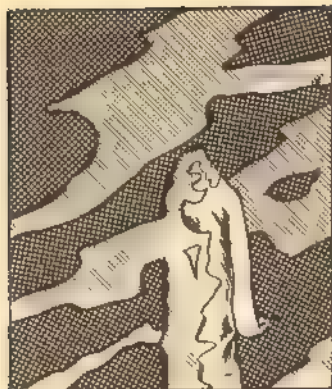
COME ON HON.
JUST A LITTLE
SWALLOW. FOR ME
HON. TAKE ONE
FOR ME

BABY TAKES MILK
FROM MOMMA, GETS
ALL BETTER.
MAKE YOU FEEL
STRONG

NO!

DON'T TURN
AWAY HON, I
KNOW YOU ...ERK!





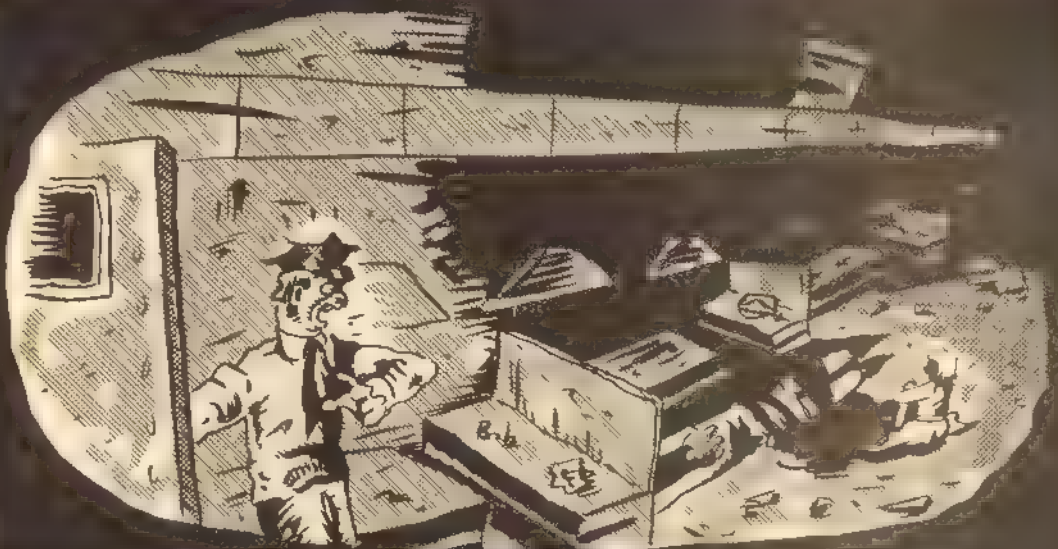
GODDAMN
NEW YORK.



I HATE
NEW YORK

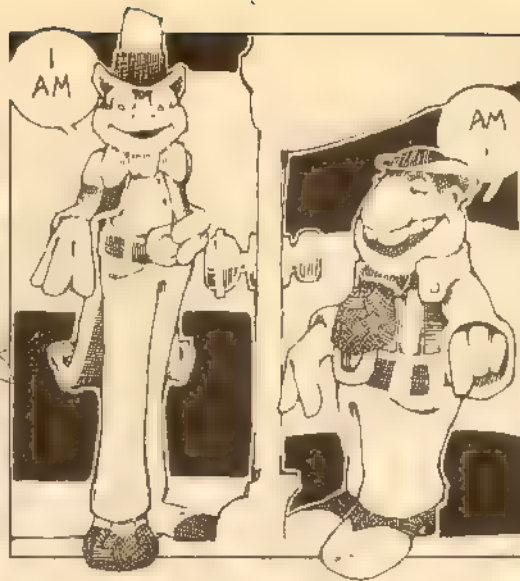


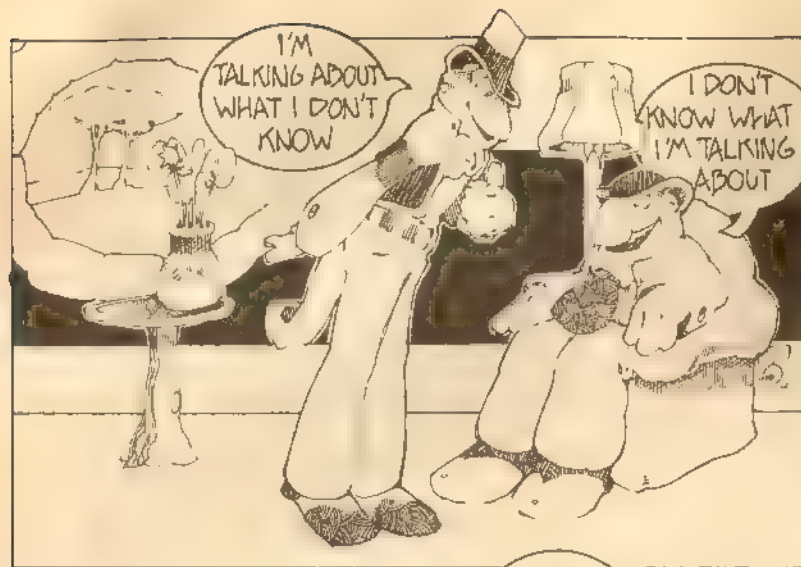
I'VE GOT
TO GET
BACK HOME

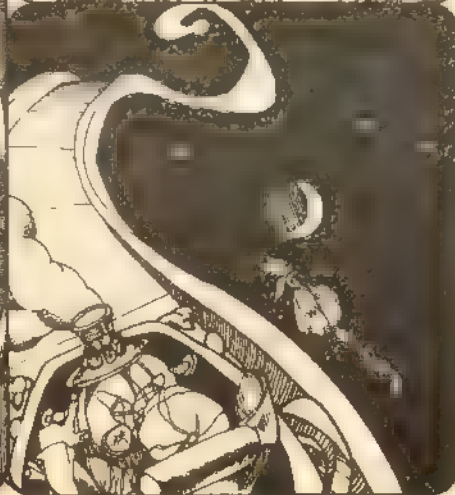
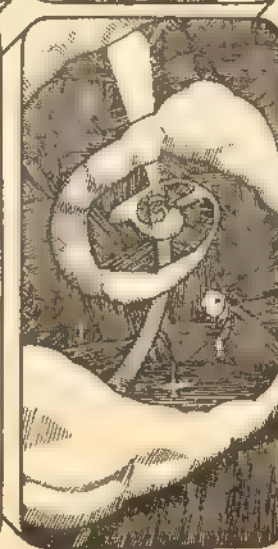
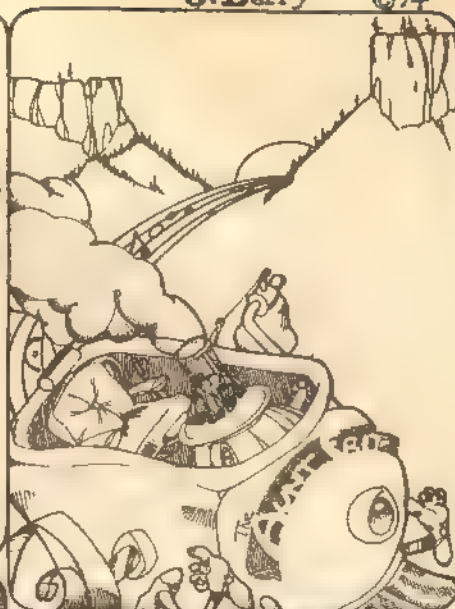


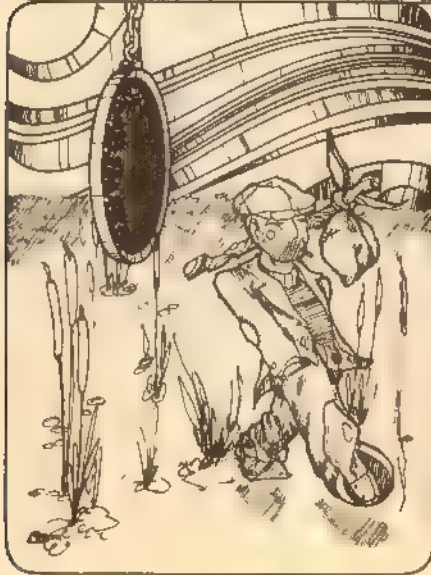
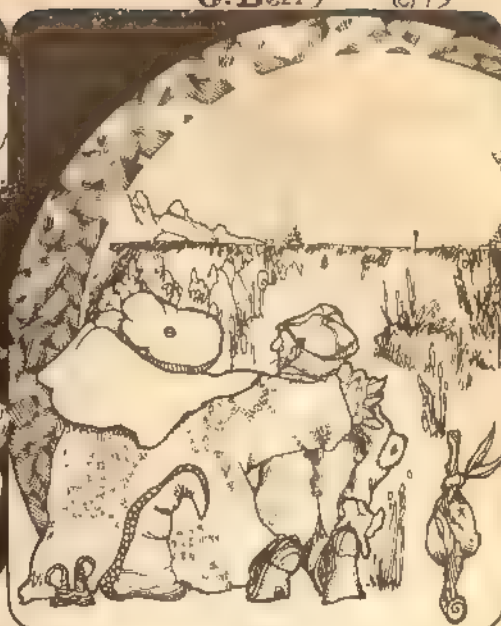
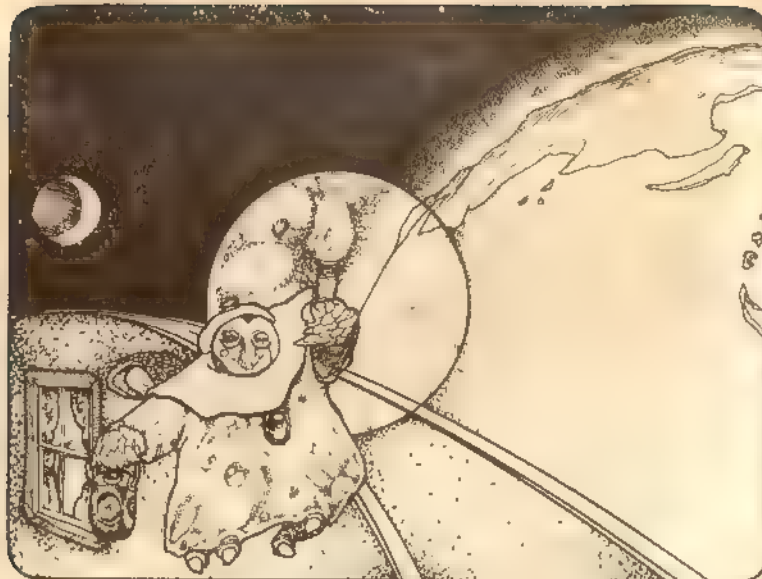
THE SUBWAY ROCKED NOISILY INTO THE NIGHT



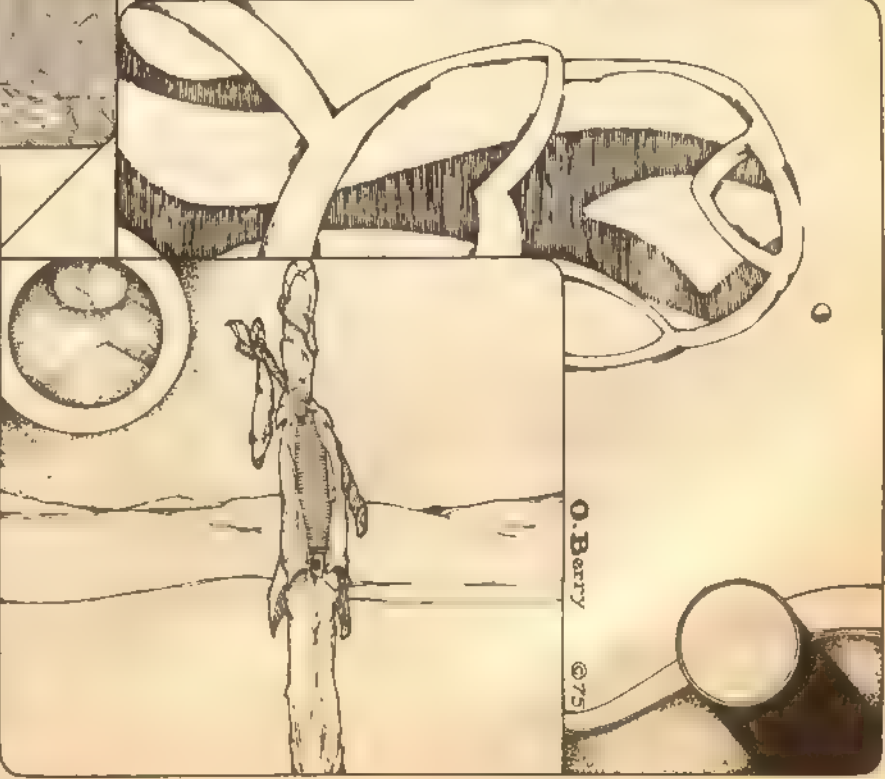
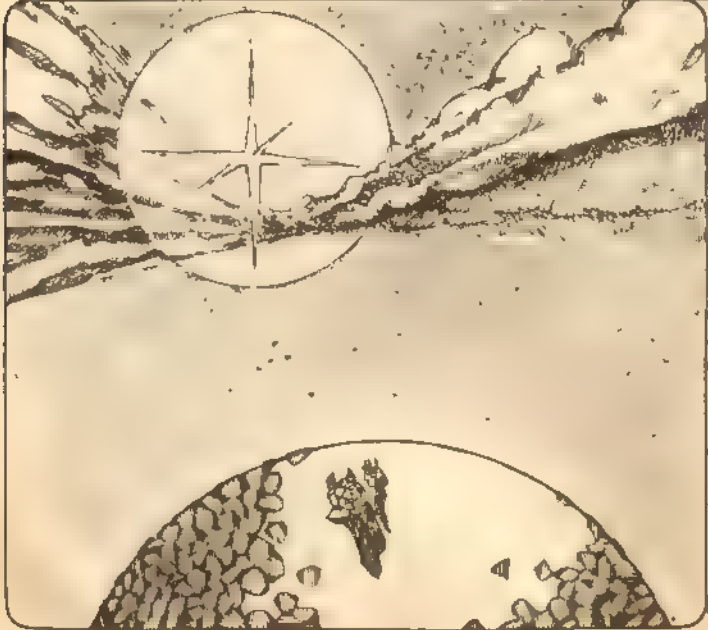
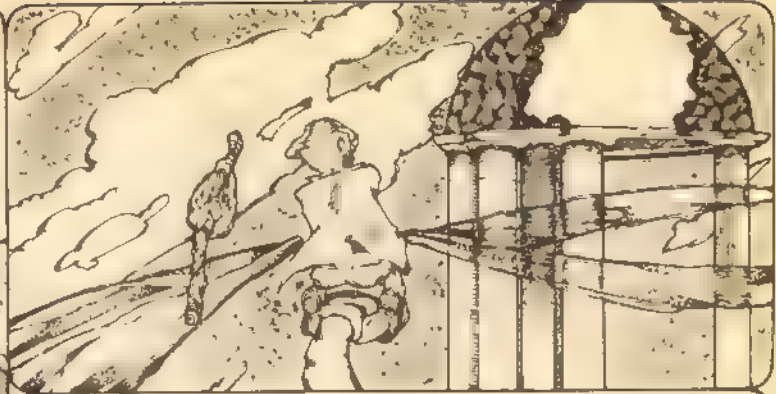
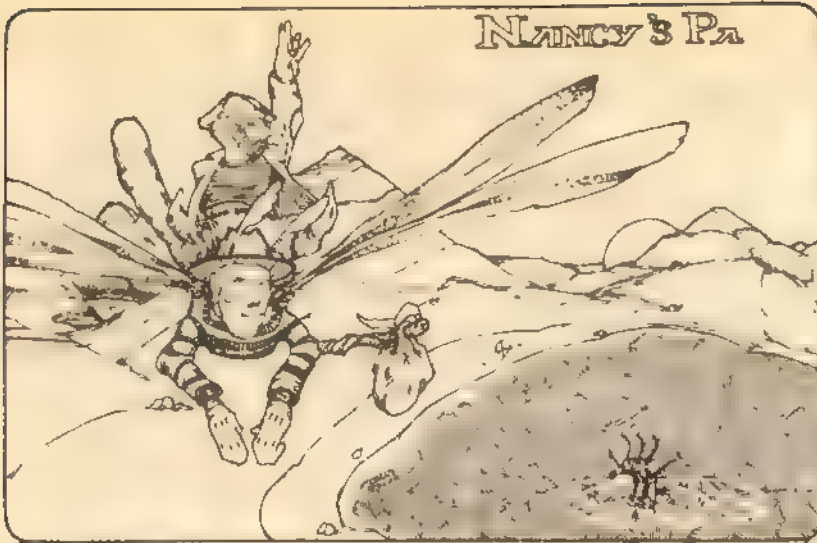




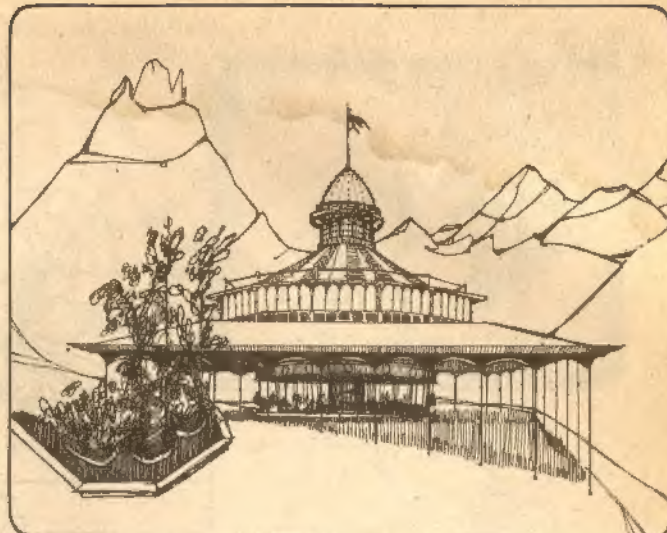
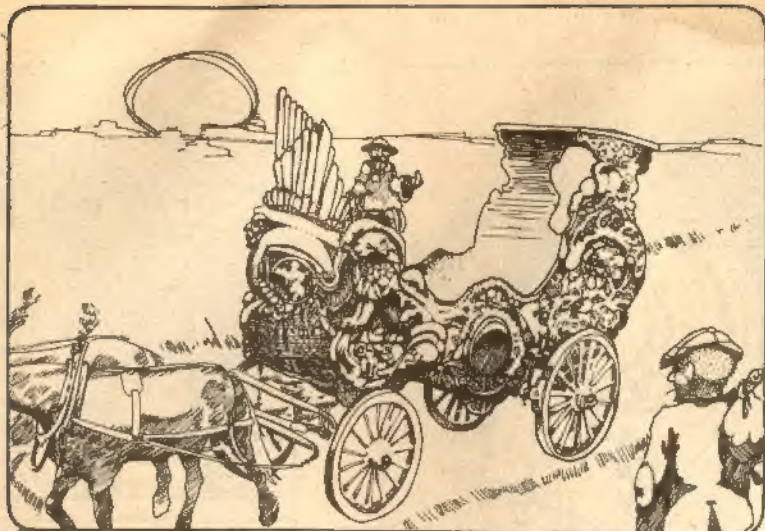




Nancy's Pa



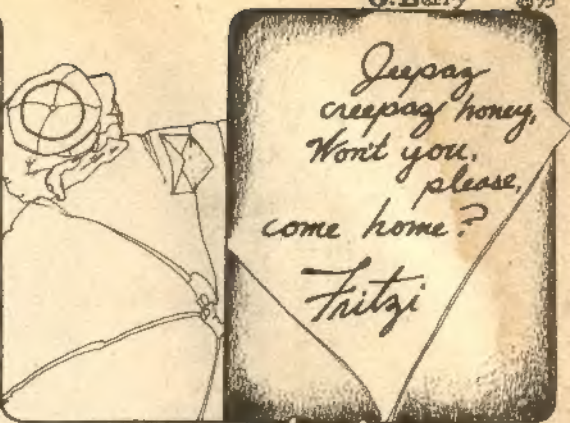
O. Barry ©75



NANCY'S Pa



O. Berry © 75



Just say
creepag honey,
Won't you,
please,
come home?
Fritz



End



